

THE SURPRISE.

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Joy met sorrow in a pair's
Where the branches interlace,
Very secret still, and aware
Safe from all profaning test;
"Why art thou here?" Joy, startled, cried;
"Why art here?" Sorrow sighed.
"I can't here be gray," said Joy,
"Thou art here for my employ,"
Murmured Sorrow, "yet I see
Tears as grateful were to thee.
Come, young novices, and be taught
How to ease thy heart o'erfringht."
Joy sat down at Sorrow's feet,
And was taught the lesson sweet,
Pain would be made kind returni—
"Sorrow, art thou old to learn?
Nay? Then tarry yet awhile,
Till I've taught thee how to smile!"
Since that the two have been
Round as the planets seen,
Since that how they so exchange
Tears and smiles, 'tis nothing strange!
If sometimes a puzzled heart
Source can tell the twain apart.
—Edith M. Thomas, in *The Current*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An old timer—Grandfather's clock.—
Boston Post.
Well-matched pair—A horsey man
and a nagging wife.—*Life*.
The Vassar girls do not swear. They
only say "gum."
Mr. Bergh has warned the riflemen
that they will not be permitted to hit
the bull's eye.—*Jingo*.
We are asked when a young lady is of
age and ready for matrimony, reply, "until
she is married."—*Merchandise-Traffic*.
"What did you kill?" inquired a pe-
destrian of a sportsman on horseback.
"Time," was the sententious response.—
Herald.
Why is a cornet-player like a signal-
service storm observer? One blows the
notes, and the other notes the "blows."
—*Jingo*.
It would seem that reasonable
equal partners in a growing enter-
prise should "shear and shear alike."
—*Chicago Sun*.
A Wyoming man named James Law,
was recently married. A few weeks
later a party called on him to said "a
"to his last name.—*Graphic*.
"Did you ever kiss a pair of pouting
lips?" asks an exchange. No; but we
have received a post from a pair of kiss-
ing lips.—*Graphic*.
There is a female band in Baltimore.
The proper band for a female to be.org
to is a husband. She can usually play
him for all she wants.—*Baltimore*.
The cold winds remind the farmers
that it is time to put their cattle under
cover. Ye, who have steers to shed, pre-
pare to shed them now.—*New York*
Journal.
It was an employer who kept his men
at work from daylight till after dark,
of whom it was originally said that "time
hangs heavily on his hands."—*Boston*
Journal.
Sitting Bull cleared \$30,000 by exhib-
iting himself in New York, and has
doubtless learned that it is better to
behead the white man than to kill him.
—*Out-By-Hill*.
"Mr. Smith, do you live your hair?"

ink so!" "Oh, I dunno,"
and sister said she rec

you think so?" "Oh, I dunno, only it's black, and sister said she reckoned you was light-headed." "You say so?" "Yes, you say so." "Your lover must never be begged, but conquered." That's all very well, but how to subdue the thick-knosed parent of the period, is what's bothering our young men just now.—*San Francisco Herald.*

"I don't know about your religious notions," said Deacon Brownsmith; "The Bible is good enough for me;" "Yes, reply Brother Broad, but you can't get along with the Bible, deacon!"
—*Boston Transcript.*

It is a pretty healthy man who can read a patent medicine almanac without suddenly discovering that the pills will kill him. There are about fifty of the two hundred diseases described therein.
—*Norristown Herald.*

Western girls seem to have as keen an eye to the main chance as their Eastern sisters. A large number of the summer girls at Waukesha, was asked by a Texas sunflower if she would share his lot, and the reply was: "Yes—if it is a corner one, and you will build on it."—*Louisville Times.*

"Oh, Lucy, if you knew the depth of my devotion! Lucy, if you do not return my love I will kill myself." "Bless you, Augustus, I will return your love." "Oh, will you? will you? Then I am happy beyond—" "Yes, Augustus, I will return it. I have no use for it."—*Chicago News.*

"Doesn't that man remind you of the sea-serpent?" asked a pretty girl on Fourth street to her companion, as a very fashionable masher went by. "I don't know," she replied. "Oh, because he is such 'wily wily' as you say." "Yes, because he is the quiet response," "but you know the sea-serp is salt."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Fratricide Fires.

A prairie fire is the most picturesque and dangerous thing in the world, though I have often read of this red regiment in line charging across the prairie, driving before it herds of buffalo, and scattering the bones of the following men at a mouthful. When in the Northwest I asked many old settlers if they had ever known any man in danger from a prairie fire, and the answer was always "No." The reason is that the fire does not advance in a uniform line; the head fire, which is of small width, is strong and rapid; but the side fires are more of a step-like character, and spread an old fire king, "that I ever saw that may have been dangerous for a few minutes was caused in a singular way. The grass that, in the first place, was burning some time, and side flames stretched as far as the eye could reach. Suddenly the wind shifted, ten miles or more of side flames sprang up, and, for a brief period raced over a thick grass like a cavalry regiment."—*John Burdett's Paper.*

A Rain Machine.

Among the latest inventions reported from Australia is a machine for producing rain-storms. It is intended to force a rain-storm from the clouds during a period of drought, by means of a balloon in the form of a balloon, with a charge of dynamite attached underneath it. The balloon is to be sent into the clouds, and when there the dynamite is to be fired and the wind stirred up with the earth. A trial of this novel contrivance is to be given upon the dry districts of New South Wales, and the result is looked forward to with interest by some of the residents of that colony.

